

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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All communications of political or argumentative character, political or religious, must have real name attached for publication. No such articles will be printed over fictitious signatures.

Correspondence solicited from every town in Rock Island county.



Saturday, January 3.

A man down in Pike county celebrated New Year's day by cutting a pumpkin weighing 114 pounds. They are some pumpkins down that way.

The old year went out with the tariff on coal still in effect. While it is there it will afford a splendid object lesson as to the bad effect of the present tariff system.

The New York World wittily remarks: "To save the office all embarrassment in seeking the man Illinois lines up several aspirants for the proposed new cabinet place."

A lady in Utah has just received a government check in payment for a claim one hundred and five years old. Bill collectors classify "Uncle Sam" as "good pay, but rather slow."

The Standard Oil company has secured control of the Beaumont oil fields. Texas has the most stringent laws against trusts of any of the states. But as far as the Standard is concerned Texas will have to "come off the perch."

Senator Vest again peremptorily declines to be a candidate to succeed himself as United States senator from Missouri. His friends think that inasmuch as his health has improved to so great a degree that he might be induced to reconsider. But in a public statement given to the press he absolutely refuses to accept another term.

"Venezuela" is the Spanish for "Little Venice," the name given by Americans Vespucci in 1499 to an Indian village built on piles in the Orinoco river. The republic of "Little Venice" is going to have a hard time keeping its head above water if the Shylocks of the world persist in their demand for the pound of flesh, as the Merchant of Greater Venice.

According to the New York Press one of the big life insurance companies, whose headquarters are in that city, has a safe the combination of which is jointly controlled by 10 men, all high officials of the company. Without the aid of the entire 10 the safe could not be opened. There are three doors, the outermost of which is opened by five men, the second by three and the innermost by two.

According to a Cairo contemporary, persons who wish to let their friends know that they are "doing" Europe on a princely scale, the while they are living in retirement for a time, need only apply to an agency in Paris which will undertake to send your letters to practically any place in Europe you may select, and there to have them posted for you on any date you may choose. The demand for such an institution arose out of the absolute horror the Parisian of "high life" has to be suspected of remaining in Paris or its environs in the bathing season. One feature of the joke is that you cannot only get your letters posted from some distant spot, but you can get answers received from you and posted to your temporary hiding place. There are great possibilities for American travelers in this. Why not stay in America and "do" Europe at the same time?

School Teachers Not Properly Paid.

Dr. Maxwell, of New York City, superintendent of public schools, made a speech in Chicago a few days since. In dealing with the condition of the public school teacher, he quoted the United States statistics, which proved that the average teacher among the men is paid \$47.55 per month, and the average woman teacher \$39.15 per month. Most justly Dr. Maxwell asks: "How can the teacher work properly when his energies are frozen by poverty?" While averages, it is true, do not always show the real conditions everywhere, nor in the case of teachers' salaries do the averages given show that some teachers are not remunerated sufficiently for their work; they do show in this case that there are many teachers, by far the majority of the teachers, who do not receive salaries commensurate with labor and responsibility of their positions.

The following from the Chicago American, an editorial, commenting upon Dr. Maxwell's query, is endorsed by the Springfield Register, as it is also by The Argus:

"The average wages of a fairly good

conchman per month is \$50 and his board.

The average pay of a teacher is \$47.55 and no board.

"The coachman is responsible for the care of three or four horses.

"The teacher is responsible for the education and the future of forty or more children.

"The young woman in the chorus that appears behind the footlights is paid \$60 or more per month. If she works and succeeds she may easily rise to earn a hundred or two hundred or five hundred dollars per month.

"The young woman who devotes her strength and energy and affection to the education of children in the public school is paid but a few cents more than a dollar a day—\$39.17 per month. She must board and lodge herself and dress herself respectably on this amount of money, and she has almost nothing to look forward to.

"We cheerfully pay \$1,000 a year to a policeman that arrests criminals and drunken men.

"Should we not pay as much to the man or woman that, as educator, works that the future may be freer from drunkenness and crime?

"We do not say that the coachman, the chorus girl or the policeman is overpaid. On the contrary, the laborer is worthy of his hire in every line of honest effort.

"But we do say that the treatment of school teachers is shamefully parsimonious.

"Their work is the noblest and most important work that is done, and it is the most unselfish. They give their youth, intelligence, affection and interest to the children of other men and women.

"They should be honored by all citizens, they should be generously paid."

Hit a Popular Chord.

Few utterances from distinguished men have so hit the popular thought as the stand taken by Dr. John Bascom, professor of sociology at Williams college at Milwaukee before the Wisconsin Teachers' association a few days ago, when he declared in emphatic language his disapprobation of a great educational institution like the Chicago institution being supported by the contributions of John D. Rockefeller. Dr. Bascom repeated his declaration in Chicago New Year's day while there on a visit. Said he:

"The University of Chicago, being supported as it is with money which is gained in defiance of commercial morality, cannot, in my judgment, ever be a success in the world of education. I hold," continued the professor, "that no professor of economics or of sociology in a school supported as is the University of Chicago can be expected to fulfill his mission. Certainly he would not criticize Mr. Rockefeller or the methods used by the Standard Oil company to monopolize business. Neither can the university school of that university prosper. How can the teachers in that department talk against a monopoly that has thrived through technical violations of the interstate commerce law, by obtaining privileges from railroads which the ordinary shipper cannot get, and by freezing out small competitors? How can the theological professor in such a school instruct the young man rightly on a most important question?"

"I believe the problem presented by the Standard Oil company is one which naturally would have to be dealt upon in the class rooms of a representative university. I know I have to refer to it not infrequently in my work."

Dr. Bascom was asked if he would apply his theory to all charitable bequests that Mr. Rockefeller bestows. He replied:

"Well, I should say that if a beggar came to Mr. Rockefeller and asked for a dollar and then discovered where the dollar was coming from, if he were a beggar who discriminated between one dollar and another, he would promptly refuse the money of the Standard Oil magnate."

Amazing Adventurers.

The Humberts, who have just been put behind the prison bars in Paris, France, are amazing adventurers. The way they gulled and fleeced the moneyed men of the French capital is incomprehensible in view of the fact that their scheme was so flimsy and could be so readily detected. In few of the fascinating stories of the "Arabian Nights" are there tales more bewildering than the authentic accounts of the operations of the Humberts, who succeeded in borrowing millions of francs from the shrewdest money lenders in France and elsewhere upon the continent of Europe. These big loans were obtained solely by means of the ingenious fabrication, or rather monumental lying of the swindlers concerning a colossal fortune which never existed. It was entirely mythical, like the riches of the Count of Monte Cristo. The Humberts fled to Spain, where the bubble burst.

After a tedious delay, for which it is not easy to account, but which was probably used by the losers to see if they could not recover a portion of their vanished money by promises of leniency in the prosecution—the swindlers were arrested in Madrid, where they had sought refuge. As the French laws against swindling are extremely severe, and French prosecutions of men and women guilty of gigantic frauds are proverbially relentless, the Humberts will probably receive a long sentence of imprisonment at hard labor.

The peculiar and astonishing swindling career of the Humberts illustrates again how easy it is for prepossessing and impudent swindlers to

make dupes of money lenders. An adventurer or a forger with a sleek tongue and a pleasing exterior can frequently obtain favors from money lenders who would hesitate to grant similar favors to a perfectly honest applicant.

MENTAL TENSION.

Hard to Realize the Difficulty of Keeping a Natural Pose.

We never know how active our imaginations can be till we let them out or till they get the better of us for some reason. A major in the army recently admitted that when he went into action for the first time he was so scared that he did not know which way was north, but he had an overwhelming desire to reach it, wherever it was. Yet, after six or eight battles and after being wounded a couple of times, he regarded battles very much as people hereabout regard the evening fight at the Manhattan end of the bridge, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

Cases of wanting to run when bullets fly are by no means difficult to find. But a young soldier in Brooklyn confesses to a more queer experience. His regiment was in camp and had been ordered out for dress parade, as usual. When lined up for inspection, every man as stiff as a ramrod and not a white glove moving, this young man, a Lieutenant, began to ask himself: "Suppose I should slip, or anything, to break the quiet? Suppose I should fall?" The idea of falling kept growing in his mind till before the inspection was over and the regiment was allowed to use its feet once more he could hardly keep on his legs and was in a great sweat of agony from the dread of tumbling over and making an exhibition of himself.

People who have never tried it do not realize how hard it is to stand absolutely still and yet appear interested and at ease. Artists' models succeed at it, especially those in Italy, and will hold a pose not too difficult for an hour. Actors, when they group about the man in the center of the stage, who is enjoying all the limelight—and how they hate them for it—are required to keep still, so as not to distract attention from the great man's sayings and motions, and because they must group in such a way as to form a picture and keep it till it can be realized by the eyes in front. But this enforced stateness is hard on the supes. They are not used to it. When they are put under the strain, and when as Roman warriors they must stand at the back without winking while Brutus or Virginius or some other ponderous person unbosoms himself respecting love or politics, they are in a small torture. One such last season who could no longer abide it to listen to the soliloquy by the head man pitched over on his face and had to be lugged out by the arms to the spoiling of the scene.

Coal Strike Is Ended.

The recent anthracite coal strike is practically ended, the miners and operators have found ground for agreement in the board of arbitration appointed to adjust their differences. In the selection of a medicine to restore the system to its normal condition and prevent stomach, liver or bowel troubles there is no room for difference of opinion, because Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is universally acknowledged to be the most reliable remedy in the world. It is backed by 50 years' experience, and is always recommended by prominent physicians in cases of nausea, dizziness, sick headache, dyspepsia, indigestion, flatulency, constipation and liver troubles. We therefore urge every sufferer to try a bottle and be convinced of its value. Our 1903 Almanac is now at your druggists for free distribution. Be sure to obtain a copy.

Unconscious From Croup.

"During a sudden and terrible attack of croup our little girl was unconscious from strangulation," says A. L. Spafford, postmaster, Chester, Mich., "and a dose of One Minute Cough Cure was administered and repeated often. It reduced the swelling and inflammation, cut the mucus and shortly the child was resting easy and speedily recovered." It cures coughs, colds, laryngitis and all throat and lung troubles. One Minute Cough Cure fingers in the throat and chest and enables the lungs to contribute pure, health giving oxygen to the blood.

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One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken in to the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures and prevents swollen feet, blisters, callus and sore spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for sweating, hot, aching feet. At all druggists and shoe stores. Trial package free by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Warning, Warning

Beware of substitutes offered by unscrupulous dealers in place of Foley's Honey and Tar, Foley's Kidney Cure and Banner Salve. Dishonest dealers for a little extra profit will try to palm off worthless preparations in place of these valuable medicines that have stood the test of years, and thus jeopardize the lives of their victims. For sale by all druggists.

I love thee, O yes I love thee. But it's all that I can ever be. For in my visions in the night, My dreams are Rocky Mountain Tea. T. H. Thomas Pharmacy.

DAILY SHORT STORY

She Did Not Marry Again.

[Original.]

One day during the haying season of 1899 an old man stopped at a farm on the outskirts of an Iowa town and asked for work. Being short of hands, John Lupton, who managed the farm for his mother, concluded to take on the new hand even though he appeared to be too old for such hard work. However, Andrew McCabe proved a very good workman, and at the end of the haying season the family had become so much attached to him and he seemed so loath to depart that they permitted him to remain. He was patient and willing and took upon himself many duties that tended to relieve them of much of the drudgery.

McCabe's mother, John, seemed especially interested in the old man. There was something about him that appealed to her, though she could not tell what it was—a familiar tone in the voice, an expression in the face, his gait as he walked from the well to the barn with a bucket of water in each hand. At any rate, there was a soft spot in the woman's heart for him, and she was always ministering to his comfort. She gave him one of the best rooms in the house, she would insist on his receiving the daintiest bits at table, and if he came in overheated she would gently force him into a hammock on the porch and often sit fanning him. Indeed, John Lupton, fearing that his mother might take it into her head to marry the old man, was beginning to think that he had better be sent away. However, when Lupton came to this decision the haying had come round again, and, to tell the truth, John was so fond of the old man himself that he put the matter off.

One day McCabe was driving a load of hay from the field to the barn when the wagon upset and he fell, striking his head against a stone. He was carried unconscious to the farmhouse, and the village doctor was called. The case was pronounced critical, as the skull was injured, and a surgeon came from the city who performed the operation called trepanning, or removing a portion of the skull. The first words spoken by McCabe after the effects of the anesthetic had passed off were:

"Hi, hi, Johnny Rob! See 'em run!" Turning to John Lupton, the surgeon asked him if he had ever heard the patient speak of having been in the army, to which John replied that he had never heard him speak of his early life at all. All listened for more words from McCabe, but his mutterings were incoherent. When he came to himself the surgeon ordered every one from the room, and the patient was kept quiet until it was safe to permit him to sit up and receive visits from the family. Then the startling discovery was made that he did not remember any of them. He had had a few words with the surgeon, who told him that the year was 1900 and not 1894, as he supposed, and that he had doubtless been living for thirty-six years without remembrance of his own identity. The subject had seemed to be entered upon before the family doctor, who now had charge of the case, forbade his patient either to talk or think about it under penalty of probably losing his life. But now that McCabe had no recollection of those with whom he had been living an interest was aroused in finding out who he was, that he might be restored to his family. The doctor questioned the convalescent.

"Are you sure your name is McCabe?"

"McCabe? No. Who said so?"

"What is it?"

The old man looked troubled. He could not remember.

"To what command did you belong?"

"Company K,—th Iowa infantry."

"We shall not have much trouble in finding out your identity, for this place is near the state capital, where the records are kept. I'll attend to it myself."

When the doctor left the house, he informed the family that he had in his notebook a memorandum of the man's regiment and would look the matter up. Two days later he returned with a very singular expression on his face. After asking the condition of his patient he went into his room and closed the door. In a little while he called for every member of the family to come to the patient's bedside. When they were all assembled, they found McCabe propped up with pillows, but instead of the melancholy face he had worn, especially since the operation, he beamed upon them with a newly kindled interest.

"I am going to make an announcement," said the doctor, "with reference to this veteran of the civil war. He enlisted in 1862 in the—th Iowa infantry and was reported missing after the battle of Nashville, since when he has lived under the name of Andrew McCabe. His real name is John Lupton, and he is the head of this family."

The wife tottered to the bedside and sank on her husband's breast. John Lupton, Jr., came up behind his mother and grasped his father by the hand. The others stood by wonder stricken. The doctor stood back. For some time there was no sound save the sobs of the woman who at twenty had been widowed and at fifty-five was reunited with her husband.

If the Widow Lupton was attentive to the wanderer, she was a thousand times more devoted to him now that she knew he was the same John Lupton she had married and seen starting off in the pride of youth with his regiment and had since two years later mourned as dead. And John Lupton, Jr., rejoicing in the return of a father whom he had been taught to revere as one who had died in battle, ceased to worry that his mother had thought of marrying.

ANNETTE OVERTON.

Still Too Busy.



Maudie—And what do you do with yourself now that you have retired, doctor?

Doctor—Oh, I only kill time now.—Chicago American.

Impossible.



Seester—Is your wife ever short in her accounts?

Dumly—Not much! You'd just ought to hear her try to tell a story.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

True Love.



"Will you love me when I'm old?"

"Well, don't I?"

Ambiguous.



The Poet—Yes, my book of poems is selling like wild fire.

His Friend—Er—yes—er—who's buying wild fire now?—New York Journal.

Woman's Way.



Milly—I'm writing to Dolly. Have you any message for her?

Tilly—What? Writing to that horrid creature? Well, give her my love.

Not Guilty.



"Do you expect to go to heaven, John?"

"Cert. I ain't never done nothin', hey it?"

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A trip to California is not expensive.

To begin with, we are going to sell tickets to California all during the winter at a price which will enable most anyone to go, so far as the railroad fare is concerned; and then every week we start "Personally Conducted" parties from Chicago to go through to Los Angeles. For comfort, interest and economy these tourist parties unquestionably offer more advantages than any other way. They travel in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars, in which a double berth, comfortably holding two persons, costs only \$6 from Chicago, and everything in the way of bedding, all of the very nicest sort, is furnished without any extra charge. The cars are warm and comfortable and contain every convenience, even to a stove on which tea and coffee can be made by whoever wishes to use it. A special conductor of The Burlington Route goes all the way through with each party. He is an experienced, thoroughly reliable man, and his business is to look after the comfort of our patrons, attend to the baggage, take all the care and anxiety from the minds of all who go along, and point out and explain the many points of interest passed on the way.

California Hotels and Boarding Houses.

The question of what you shall do after you get to California may be determined before you start, because we can furnish you with a little book which tells about all the hotels and boarding houses, the prices they charge, and the names of the proprietors, so that you can write and make all your arrangements for rooms and board in advance, if you desire. You can get excellent accommodations out there for from \$7 to \$15 a week. California is really a cheap place to live in. So why not make the trip if you have the time. It doesn't cost much to go. The trip can be made in comfort, it is intensely interesting, and you can live in California on very little. At any rate, investigate. Cut out the coupon in this advertisement, mail it to Mr. Hart, and he will send you, without charge, a handsome book telling all about California, the book about California hotels and boarding houses, and a folder which explains about the Personally Conducted Tourist Parties. He will tell you also all about the price of tickets, and if requested will be very glad indeed to call at your home to tell you all about the details of the trip.

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